

Tucson, AZ



**GOYDS
Homo!**

issue

3

Feb.

1994



"a homo
zine for
queer
fellars"

Free!

GOING HOMO



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Yo, homos! : Just because yr stuff is found in this rag, don't mean yr queer (but you should be so lucky!). Opinions expressed in Going Homo do not necessarily reflect that of the publishers (yours truly). Sexual, artistic, or literary references to males refer to males who are over the age of 18. Going Homo is put out whenever I get enough fun stuff sent in by YOU, the homo masses yearning to be queer. All submissions become property of Going Homo.

editorial

RAGE

If the judiciary system is to be open and fair, it is necessary that gays be granted civil rights. Otherwise judicial access becomes a right only for the dominant culture.

-Richard Mohr, in *Gays/Justice*, pp 167-8



The evil shadow of hatred and fear has made its way into Arizona. I'm talking about the vile anti-gay ammendment that had passed in Colorado (though later deemed unconstitutional by the Colorado State Supreme Court) sponsored by the Traditional Values Coalition. These people get a collective hissy fit whenever queers even think about demanding their dignity and rights. So they start planting evil seeds of homo hatred. Personally I am sick and tired of having to fight the same fight over and over again: Magnus Hirshfeld vs. the Nazis, Stonewall vs. the Police, Harvey Milk vs. Dan White, sometimes I wish I could

move to the Planet of the Queers and live my life in peace. Unfortunately, I'm stuck here on the Planet of the Wacky Heterosexuals and I *must* fight. *We* must fight.

In order for the initiative to be placed on the November '94 ballot, they must have 105,000 valid signatures of registered voters by July. So far they haven't been seen on the streets (it is assumed they will network among their "churches"). So Remember, read carefully any petition someone urges you to sign! What are some of the ways we can combat the initiative?

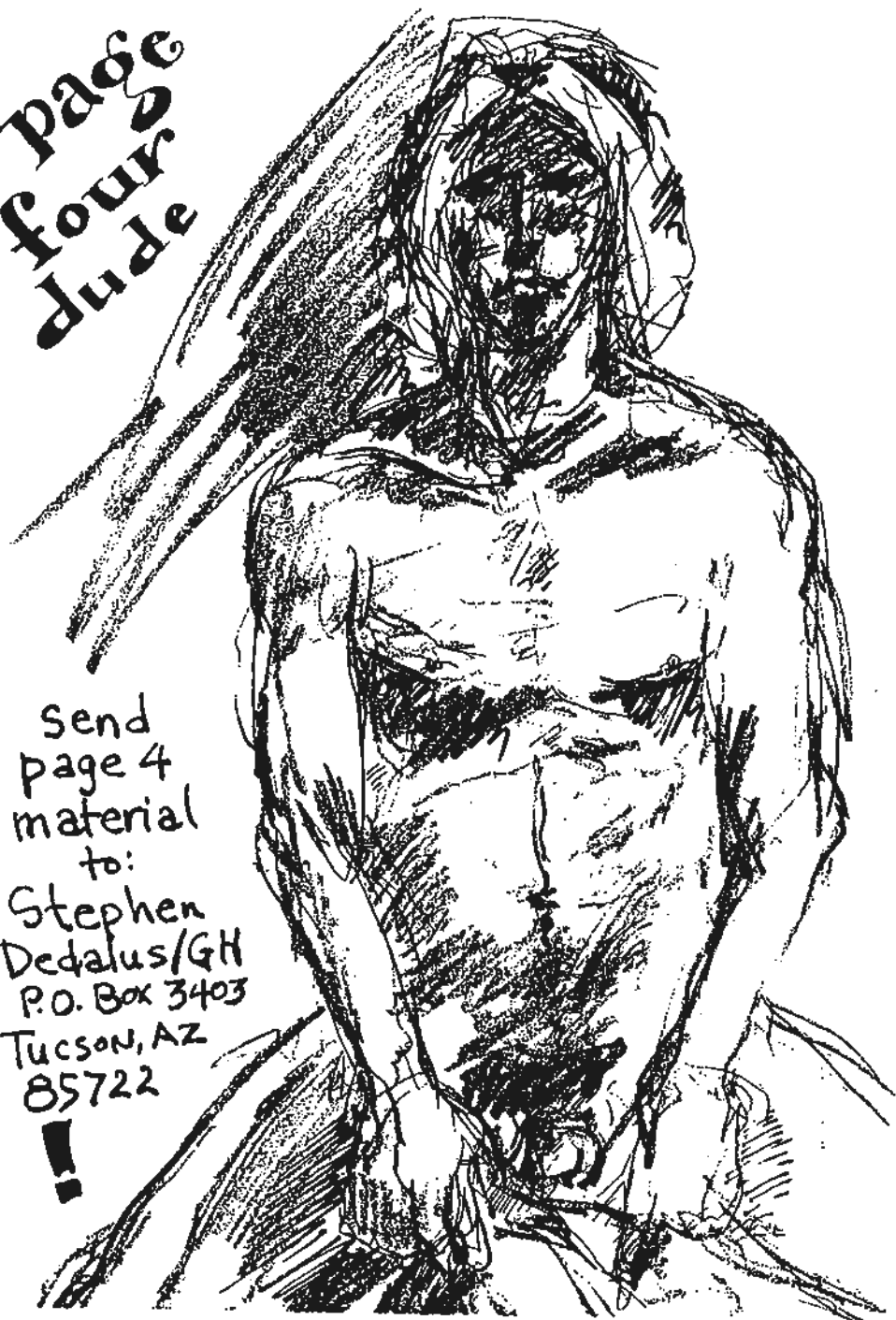
Come out- Straight people will be less likely to vote for something that affects someone they know, as opposed to a faceless statistic that is "out there".

Educate- tell everyone you are out to about the real issues involved: the denial of civil rights to lesbian and gays

Agitprop- make posters, fliers, do guerilla street theatre, make a zine(!), anything that will get the

page
four
dude

Send
page 4
material
to:
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Tucson, AZ
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real issue out there.

Join- you can join others to "fight the right". The Tucson Human Rights Coalition is gearing up for the struggle. They can be contacted at P. O. Box 41182, 85717. Or stop by the Cactus Gallery and speak to Debra Bronner.

Remember, this is just the first salvo in their war to turn America into a christian theocracy. In this 25th Anniversary year of the Stonewall Riots, let's show them that fags and dykes are tired of their shit and that we're not going to take it *anymore!*

Queerly yours in the struggle,

Stephen Debalus

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QUEERNESS**

Going Homo!



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to the above address.

El Queer de Tucson

{And now, a look at the Old Pueblo...from a queer point of view! The first is a very unique guide to local establishments and events by Sean Brandt. The second is a guide to one of my favorite pasttimes: boy-watching! Allen Marks makes some keen observations on checking out young men of the heterosexual persuasion (see also Allen's music review on page 14)}

Sean Brandt's Official Guide to Gay Tucson

OK! The first item on our agenda is to visit the "legitimate" bookstores. These are first simply because the bars are empty, and these places usually close at 4 or 5p.m., maybe later (not much)

Antigones (an-tih'-go-nee)- 600 N. 4th Ave.

official advertisement

Books by & about women
non-sexist books for children
journals/cards/records

my comments

The best bookstore in town to find books with gay male or lesbian themes. Period. A very good place to get buttons, stickers, books about wimin, wymin, womyn, wymyn, (you get the picture)etc. very interesting place.

"our motto": We have that book! (AND WE'RE WIMMIN!)

While we are on 4th Ave., we shall stroll along & visit some of the other shops on the street. We will also visit WINGSPAN! TUCSON'S LESBIAN AND GAY COMMUNITY CENTER! (say that 20 times and get psyched!) 4th Ave. is kind of like "the gay and lesbian avant-garde hangout" street in Tucson -sort of San-Franciscoish. Streetcar included. (Wierdos, freaks, and tramps also included-you be the judge)

"our motto": We're weird, and we LOVE it!

Bookman's Used Books- 1930 E. Grant Rd
(the name says it all)

my comments Kind of a gay male hangout. Cruise for a book or a man while you're there. Also, a good place to find that record you've forgotten about for years, and now you will die if you don't have it so you can play it 100,00 times over and over again. One major change-no "adult entertainment" literature anymore. Censorship is VERY BAD! VERY BAD! (Chant 100 times).

"our motto": (Bob's motto)- my hat makes me a wonderful & interesting human being! (yeah, right).

(Note: the reason for no more porn mags was that they were constantly being stolen. Also, now that a new Java House has opened in Bookman's, we can have a cup of coffee as we cruise.-SD)

Next item up for bids is to visit the major A.I.D.S. organizations. These are valuable places of information concerning the gay, lesbian and bisexual community of Tucson. A lot of gay people volunteer for these organizations:

Tucson A.I.D.S. Project
151 S. Tucson Blvd.

Shanti of Tucson
602 N. 4th Ave.

People with A.I.D.S. Coalition (PACT)
801 W. Congress

When we get hungry, we shall stop on over to Bentley's house of coffee and tea, at 1730 E. Speedway Blvd. This is where the truly artistic people of Tucson used to converge to eat, talk and be their real selves. (Now, however, Coffee Etc. seems to be the place to be. Open 24 hours, it is a nice place to relax after a night on the town. Located at 2830 N. Campbell)

"our motto": be free, be weird, be crazy, but-above all- BE YOURSELF!
(a few gay people work there)

p.s. I fell in love at the old Bentley's on University Ave!

(We will now observe a moment of silence for the old Bentley's location...-SD)

If it's Tuesday, we shall go to the MEN'S meeting. *(at Wingspan -SD)* warm talk and comfortable men await us for interesting conversation. Very nice place to sit back and relax. If it is Thursday, we shall pop on over to St. Francis in the Foot-hills (cont'd on page 10)

THE BEST LOCATIONS IN TUCSON TO GO STRAIGHT-BOY HUNTING!!!

by Allen Marks

Here is part one of a grand overview on the throbbing straight-boy cruising scene. It's centered mostly around the University area because I don't have a car and these are places well within biking distance. Besides, let's face it: East Tucson only has white-trash heavy metal idiots and who gives a fuck about the rest of Tucson? May I also add that this list is not saying that only straight boys are worth checking out--queer boys are perfectly hot and sexy. However, if you tire of the bar scene, here are some wonderful spots to simply gawk at the scenery. In a lot of cases, you may get lucky! I'll list more places in the next issue, but for now, check these out.

The UA Recreation Center: Weekend mornings are pretty sparse for the weight room because all the little party boys are nursing their hangovers. However, weeknights between 4pm and 11pm are chock full o' (hairy) nuts! The locker/shower scene can sometimes be hopping, but be careful--that boy who just dropped his soap may have really dropped it and is *not* bending over to invite you in! And during warmer weather, the outdoor pool is gawker heaven.

Any Casa Video or Blockbuster video rental store: Lots of lonely handsome boys are usually spotted here on Friday and Saturday nights because they couldn't get a date and now they're going to retire in front of the boob tube for the rest of the evening. They can usually be spotted in the comedy or adventure sections--needless to say, they will not be near the documentaries or classics. If it's Casa Video you're in, try the porno section--lots of hot boys hang around this area looking for a movie to jerk off to. Strike up a conversation with them by spilling popcorn on them (Casa Video gives out free popcorn) or asking them if they've ever rented a particular bi-sex title. It doesn't hurt to try and most of them want it bad anyway, right?

Chedan Printing on Tyndal & University: Desperate he-man students are here at all hours when the finals crunch is on. They usually come in dressed as if they've been wearing the same clothes for the last week--frumpled wrinkled clothes that make them look great! They're usually pretty frazzled and grumpy from writing a term paper all night so be careful how you flirt.

The laundromat on Tyndall & University: Some of the studliest jock gods are often seen here doing many loads of sweaty underwear and worn out jeans. Careful, though--they get pretty territorial about their washers and dryers.

The Baskin Robbins/Dunkin' Donuts next to it: The cutey hunks usually go here next to pass the time while waiting for their laundry to finish. A good way to meet a boy here would be to offer a taste of your cone for a taste of his. Then it's off to your apartment where you can offer a taste of you for a taste of him.

Toxic Ranch: Lots of cutey skater/punk rock/slacker boys discovering punk culture for the first time and buying their very own copy of some horrible Henry Rollins cassette. The skater boys are usually dressed in those ultra-baggy pants or shorts and way-alternative underground designer t-shirts from Tucson Mall that cost \$25.00. Most of the skater boys are far too young to pursue but they never notice fags staring at them, so who cares, right? Nobody gets hurt--they all come over eventually anyway.

Fry's at 1st Ave. and Grant: Lots of scruffy frat types loading up on straight-boy foods like potato chips, steak and beer. They may feel remorseful, though, and end up in the produce area to rectify poor eating habits with a few carrots and potatoes, but the best place to find them is in the cereal and junk food aisles.

Coffee, Etc at Campbell Plaza: Ok, so it's also a grade A foo-foo yuppie hang out. Yeah, so what? Some of the hottest little straight things walk in every half minute and some of the waiters are queer and don't even know it yet! The men's room is large enough to accomodate even the most impromptu waiter orgy and the way some of the straight waiters stare back at you, it looks like it can be orchestrated without a hitch.

Time Market on Universtiy: Besides the studly frat boys that come in for late night snacks, it's got some of the handsomest little delivery boys to ever ask for your phone number and address. Be sure to tip well.

Walk or drive down Mountain between Speedway and Grant: Lots of sweaty hunky joggers with beautiful hair and teeth will be doing their thang, usually with their shirts off--don't worry, they *want* you to look. If you're in a car, it's a great opportunity to whistle and sexually harass the straight boys the way they harass women. They're on foot, so there's no way they'd ever catch you. Heck, some of them would take you up on your offers if they ever did!

- Allen Marks

(Brandt's guide, cont'd from pag 7)

Methodist church. A cult of New Age metaphysical mumbo-jumbo people await u for rumor-mongering and social comparison (beyond compare); it is always interesting to visit. I call it "the Group" (said like the "groouup"-whine a little when you say it).

Meet at Perkins restaurant after the meeting-to gossip about people who aren't at Perkins with you. It is advertised as a lesbian and gay support group, but it used to have too many focuses. I personally don't believe that new age meta physics and christianity are in any way compatible-therein lies most of their problems.

If it is Wednesday, we shall go to Club Congress at 10:30 p.m. exactly. People who only own black clothing await us for dance, drink, and cage dancing. Get radical. Get sexy and masochistic. Get you head shaved. Then GO! This is one of the oldest buildings in town, and cannot be more appropriate place for gay people to hang out. One time I was there I heard talk about pre- and post-Madonna fashion styles. Did she die? Or, was it simply pre- and post- NEW WAVE styles they were talking about?

U of A crowd and pretty boys (and girls) drape the walls of this joint until the wee hours of the morning. 70s trash disco-very sparsely-mixed in with 90s house music, hip-hop, and industrial music.

Next, we shall go to THE artsy-fartsy happening that is downtown Saturday night. Food, folks, fun, frolic, and frivolity. We'll see about 1/4 of everybody we know strolling around with a pixated (sic) grin on their face. The performance art exhibits are the most fun. Don't forget to visit YIKES!, Ronstadt Center (for temporary Reggae excitement) and any antique store you pass by.

Now that we have prepared to go out, the next question is, WHERE? Here is a list of bars, in order from least popular to most popular, that are available in Tucson.

The Graduate-23 W. University

Oldest gay bar in the state. 30 years old. this is where the trolls of Tucson converge. Old gay men who think that the highest form of entertainment is a very poorly produced drag queen show. Well, it's a little old for my taste-I simply don't prefer to go there. (Note: Remember, this is Sean's views, and not that of Going Homo-SD)

Hours- 3455 E. Grant. Rd

TA WANG! TA WANG! TA WANG! Feel the country beat! Over and over and over. Howdy, pardner! Could you just die for country music? (MY ANSWER TO THAT IS, NO!) Aside from the fact that it ONLY plays country music, it is kind of a nice bar.

Used to be only men, but a lot of lesbians like country, and since Colette's closed, is mostly lesbians now. I'll have to admit, though, line dancing is kind of fun to watch.

Venture-N- 1239 N. 6th Ave.

Men's leather bar. I have to be in a mood for this bar because there is no dance floor. Very mixed clientele. Good place to meet men. Heard a rumor that they don't let any women in-sounds suspicious to me-I still enjoy myself at that bar, though.

It's 'bout time (IBT's)- 616 N. 4th Ave.

Used to be my favorite bar-used to be most popular bar. It was fun in '87. Hot men. Great music. Neat dance floor-the whole place is practically a dance floor. Now-good on Tuesday night-that's it. Still, an OK bar.

Rumorz (rumor hazzit)- 2222 N. Stone

Used to be my 2nd favorite bar. Layout is convoluted, though. Dance floor is hard to get to, bar is situated in strange place, and I would remodel the bar if it were mine. Thursday night is mildly entertaining-male dancers. It would be nice to see a live strip show where the dancers take off all their clothing - including g-string (*Sean, face it, this is still Arizona!-SD*)

Club 2520 -2520 N. Oracle Rd.

Former Dynasty restaurant-very nice layout-PHYSICALLY. Sometimes-good dance music on disco side. Country side is always fun to visit-for a bout 5 minutes. It's beyond me why so many gay men try to act like straight cowboys, though. Anyways, it is an OK bar. It didn't start out that way. They used to throw women out of the bar. Most people who go to the bar cop an attitude of superiority. It is extremely annoying. I go there strictly to dance, cop my own attitude, and then LEAVE. I think that the owners have had to learn a few lessons about public relations in the past 2 years. One thing, though-they need better DJs on the disco side.

So, this is my gay guide to Tucson, Arizona. Take what you need, and leave the rest. Any reference to any particular establishment does not constitute an official endorsement or an official critique of any said establishment. This ...is for entertainment purposes only, and represents my very own personal opinion about these establishments.

Symbols serve as a focus for any group. It unifies and lets people know you are part of that group. One of the most controversial gay symbols is the pink triangle. It has usurped the lambda (λ) as the quintessential queer symbol (thanks in no small part to the ACT UP slogan SILENCE=DEATH that has a pink triangle over it) Here now is some important info about the

THE PINK TRIANGLE



Prisoners in Nazi concentration camps were meticulously identified by a system of triangles of various colors that would indicate to which group they belonged. Pink was associated (and still is) with femininity. Thus it was only used to identify male homosexuals (who were seen as weak and effeminate) since lesbianism was not a crime (as was male homosexual activities). However, many lesbians were rounded up and placed in the camps on charges of "anti-social behavior" (that is, not acting like subservient Aryan baby-makers) and were identified with a black triangle (many lesbians have appropriated this and have begun to wear black triangles).

Gay men were not rounded up en masse and placed into concentration camps nor were they forced to wear a pink triangle in public (as Jews were forced to wear a yellow Star of David). Anti-gay laws were so strict in Nazi Germany, however, that merely looking at another man with lewd intent could land you in a concentration camp.

The question remains: should we use this symbol of oppression as our symbol of pride?* (this is the same question many ask of the word "queer"). In defense of the pink triangle, we can say that 1. In using the pink triangle we bear

witness to the horrors of persecution and remember our brothers who were reduced to slavery in the concentration camps. Not only were gay men the lowest of the low in the camps, they received no outside mail, since no one on the outside would want to incriminate himself. Further, most gay men in the camps were killed by being worked to death in cement factories and mines, dying slow and agonizing deaths. 2 By using the pink triangle we have a symbol that has a history, part of *our* history, a part that we should all learn when we first start wearing the pink triangle. 3. The use of the pink triangle shows us that we are still oppressed and what happened in Nazi Germany can still happen again if we are not ever vigilant (see the editorial on page 3). 4. By wearing the pink triangle we laugh mockingly at Hitler and Himmler and say we are still here and we are out and proud.

{Most of this comes from the excellent book *The Pink Triangle: The Nazi War Against Homosexuals*, 1986}

*For an interesting discussion about this see *The Contemporary Political Use of Gay History: The Third Reich*, by Stuart Marshall, in *How Do I Look: Queer Film and Video*, Bay Press, 1991

/myŭ·zik rē·vyŭ/ ^{by} Allen Marks

As far as I know, these bands are not queer. There are probably some members who are, of course, but I have no idea...you'll have to investigate yourselves. BUT, cool music is part of being a cool homo and these CDs and singles will help you stop listening to the traditional fag shit

like Techno and Madonna. Not to make an obvious plug here or anything, but I should also mention that almost all of these records are easily available from Toxic Ranch, the coolest record store in town, on 4th Avenue & 6th Street.

"What else
could I
say."

EVERY
ONE
IS
GAY"



PJ Harvey -4 Track Demos (Island)

For those of you not in the know, P J Harvey is a UK songstress who plays a mean slide guitar in a ferocious 3-piece band and screams about men, sex, female roles in relation to men's roles, sex, women's sexual interest in relation to men, and sex. This CD consists of solo demo versions of songs off of the brilliant *Rid of Me* CD. Stripped to a sparse, bare intensity,

we get to hear Polly Harvey's fantastic songs as they were before producer Steve Albini twiddled the knobs on them. There are some new ones that have never appeared on any album and the cover photo shows a bra-and -panties clad Harvey cavorting around a hotel room. Plus, the whole thing is priced cheap at \$8.99 (at most stores, anyway). What more could you ask for?

GUIDED BY VOICES-Vampire on Titus (Scat Records)

This is one of those mysterious bands like Truman's Water, Sebadoh or Pavement(although the last two are getting less so with the growing popularity of each album) where cut-up magazine pictures for cover art and cryptic song titles are the status quo. GBV hail from Ohio and have been around for a long time--this is their 7th album! Practitioners of lo-fi pop, everything sounds like it was recorded on a cheapo 4-track and then buried in mud. This is not necessarily a bad thing. The music is standard melodic guitar noise with catchy hooks and sing-along choruses, plus the occasional acoustic strumming quiet song. With titles like *E-5* and *Cool Off Kid Kilowatt*, who knows what the fuck they're singing about? All you need to know

is that these guys are great and 1 year from now, you're going to wonder how you ever existed without them before. Be sure to buy the CD instead of the vinyl because it includes their last album *Propeller* thrown in for free! Hooray for capitalism!! (Scat Records, 5466 Broadway, #200, Cleveland, OH 44127)

1/2 JAPANESE- 1/2 Gentlemen/Not Beasts (TEC Tones)

1/2 Japanese have been around for ever and ever and this is their 3-LP debut (!!) finally released on CD. If you are unfamiliar with this band, you are not alone. Hardly anyone has heard them and those that do usually run away in fright, for 1/2 Japanese are sloppy and trashy. Noise is hardly the word to describe what this album sounds like. There are many covers (Bruce Springsteen's 10th Street Freezeout, Tangled Up in Blue by Bob Dylan to name two) but you'd be hard pressed to tell that from just hearing them. The originals are childlike musings on love, girlfriends (sorry, these 4 guys and 1 gal on sax are all straight as far as I know), relationships and love. It comes off like a punk-rock 8-year old singsonging to himself in the sandbox while rock instruments

are being trashed about right behind him. Not for the squeamish, but then, if that's your problem, why the hell are you reading *Going Homo?* (TEC Tones, P. O. Box 1477, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

THE PALACE BROTHERS-

There is No-One What Will Take Care of You (Drag City Records)

One of the year's best CDs, Kentucky's Palace Brothers are, as far as I can tell (in typical underground fashion, no liner notes) 2 guys playing guitar (acoustic and occasional electric) with the singer being one of the leads in the movie *Matewan* and any extra instruments being played by ex-members of *Slint* and *Squirrelbait*. Soft and sparse folk melodies are framed by banjos and slide guitar while the singer's voice cracks all throughout adding a real power to the delivery. This is mellow stuff, folks, but if you need to balance your musical diet away from the usual noise-and-squeal, I recommend you pick up this soothing work of quiet, sad songs. There is also an excellent single available, not included on the CD, called *Ohio River Boat Song* that is just one of the most gorgeous songs you're likely to hear in a long time. (Drag City, POBox 476867, Chicago, IL 60647)

THE BREEDERS- *Divine Hammer* 4-song EP (4AD/Elektra)

The Breeders (love the name!) consist of Kim Deal, former bassist of the Pixies along with her twin sister (is that a first for a rock band?), plus Josephine Wiggs of the Perfect Disaster and a male drummer who looks queer but isn't. This is the latest single from their new album *Last Splash* and for some reason, it is a newly-recorded version from the album's. Next, a previously unreleased gem, *Hoverin'* (a poorly taped slab o' punk), then a fine cover of Hank William's *I Can't Help It (If I'm Still in Love With You)*. They close with a re-make of another album cut *Do You Love Me Now?* which isn't that great a song to begin with and then they ruin it anyway with the overrated J. Mascis of *Dinosaur, Jr.* singing along in an off-key voice put too high in the mix. your call.

POLVO-*Tilebraker* 3-song 7-inch single (Merge Records)

The boys of Polvo are back with the latest single from their masterpiece *Today's Active Lifestyles*. If you missed their fantastic show at the DPC a few months back you are a dweeb. the B-side consists of 2 non-LP tracks, on of which

(*The Chameleon*) I'm almost certain surfaced during the course of the concert and blew everyone away. Their Sonic Youthesque sound and inventive song structure continues to confound and dazzle a mesmerized many. Why haven't you bought this yet? (Merge Records, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

THE 6THS- *Heaven in a Black Leather Jacket* 7-inch single (Merge)

Robert Scott of New Zealand band the Bats sings solo here with another guy who plays all the instruments. Tacky drum machine mixed with poppy Velvets strumming makes a catchy little single. The publishing company is called Gay and Loud--should we take that they way it's meant to be taken? (Merge Records, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

▼
Vile Horrendouses- One of the great things about doing a zine is the great stuff sent to you. This group is from Penn., and are they ever angry. This is punk at its purest, and this isn't even the final mix! Songs include *Loud*, *Punk*, and *Proud*, and *Techno Sucks*. The cassette costs \$1.00 pre-paid. Write to Roy Grube, 629 E. 5th, Bethlehem, PA, 18015 — SD

DYKES
&
FAGS
of the world

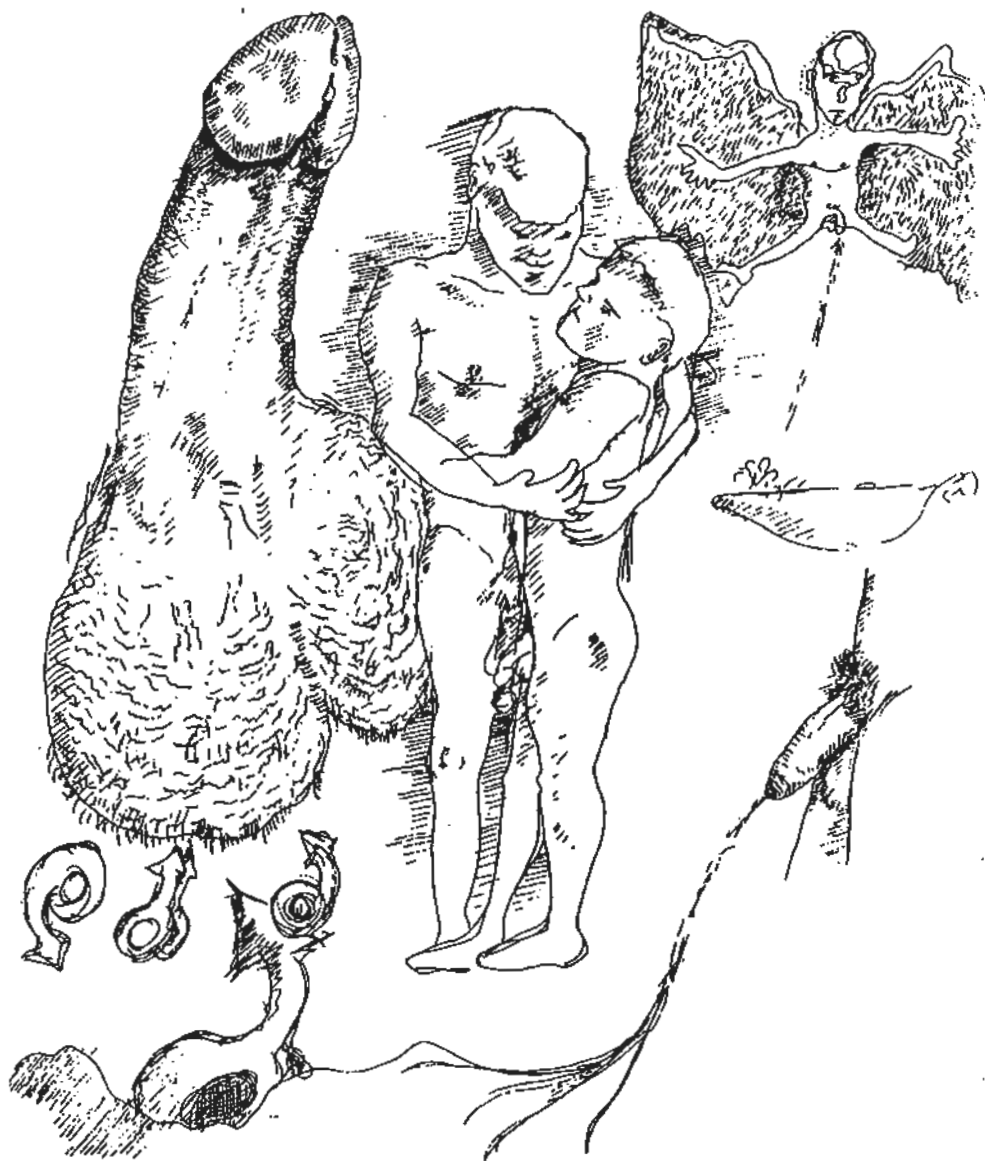


UNITE!

**PROMOTE
HOMOSEXUALITY**

Horny Harriers

homoerotica by **Fiver**



Making the transition from a Catholic grammar school to the public junior high was no big deal, except for one thing: athletics. As a short, skinny kid--5 feet tall and weighing 85 lbs.--I was used to getting picked on, but that didn't happen at my new school. What was new--and very intimidating--was the locker room. We didn't have gym class at my Catholic school and I'd never been in a locker room situation before I entered ninth grade.

The environment was totally foreign, equally enticing and repulsive. So many elements vied for the attention of my senses. The funky smell of sweaty clothes, the steely clang of locker doors and, most of all, the white sea of naked flesh. I'd never seen other boys without their clothes on. As a seventh-and eighth-grader, I had been aware that I found boys as attractive as girls. Seeing them in the all-together brought home better than anything had before that I must be gay.

There was only one problem. Staring at all those naked boys in the locker room and in the shower, I realized that all of them had bigger dicks than I did. Physically, I was slow to mature. A few wisps of pubic hair hinted at my entrance to puberty. Sure I wasn't the only kid whose body was keeping a tortoise's pace on the road to maturity; other boys, especially the younger ones, were hairless. But each of them could say he was hung better than I was and that caused me to be so conscious of my shortcomings that I made every effort to keep my privates from going public.

Despite my fear--and perhaps because of my efforts to cover myself as well as possible--no one ever made a remark to me in my gym class. The dreaded harassment came when I went out for the

cross country team. There were only three of us freshmen out for the team--me and guys named Dan and Keith. We rode the bus from our junior high to the high school with about a dozen guys who were going out for the soccer team. I was petrified of the thought of meeting the high school boys and I hoped I could fit in. I could tell my two new friends were also somewhat uncertain of what to expect.

Upon arriving at the school, we were met by the coach and directed to the locker room. The locker room quieted as we entered. To my intense embarrassment, the first words uttered were a mocking statement made about me. "Look, there's somebody shorter than me!" This came from a sophomore named Frank, who was indeed short, but as he noted, he was taller than I was. What I had feared most--being noticed--had taken only five seconds.

The general reception from the boys on the team was uniformly cold. We three freshmen found empty lockers next to one another and tried to remain unobtrusive as the older boys bantered. We kept together during practice, which consisted of stretching exercises, a mile time trial, and a distance run. One of the friendlier boys, a junior named Tim, offered to show us the school's race course.

After practice, I faced my first shower with an athletic team. I peeled off my clothes, grabbed by towel, using it to shield my pubescent groin from view. Entering the shower room, I found an empty hook and relinquished the tight grip on my towel. Taking a deep breath, I entered the misty chamber, trying not to look at any of the guys inside. I stood under a shower head and, facing the wall, began to soap up. It

was my intention to get in and out as fast as I could, but fate had other plans.

As I turned to leave, I bumped into one of the basketball players who had been made to join the team to get in shape. They didn't like the runners and the runners didn't like them. I had unfortunately encountered Larry, who at 6-foot-4 and 215 lbs. was one big asshole. He greeted me characteristically: "Watch where you're going, you little fuck!" Before I could stammer my apology and get away, he added, "Hey, are they lettin' grade-school kids on this team now? This kid's got the tiniest prick I've ever seen!" That drew big yucks from his buddies, who now got in on the act, making various crude remarks about my miniature manhood. Larry grabbed his massive cock, pointed it at my crotch and loosed a stream of piss on my little penis and balls. "Let me water it--maybe it'll grow!" he laughed. I fled the shower room to the accompaniment of whoops and mocking comments and toweled off in red-faced shame in front of my locker.

The bus ride home was a long one. Fortunately, Larry lived in another part of town and rode another bus. Still, I felt mortified, sure that the rest of the team was talking about what had happened and making fun of the scrawny freshman who'd been pissed on. I vowed to quit the team.

The next afternoon, however, I found myself on the bus to the high school. My friends made no comment about what had happened. Instead, they talked about TV shows and sports. To my relief, the locker room was empty as the rest of the team was outside stretching out and waiting for us. Practice consisted of more distance running, with guys going off singly or in two and threes to put in some miles. I had intended to stay with Dan and Keith but a senior named Ray came up to me and asked if I

wanted to run with him. As we jogged along, Ray gave me some tips about running technique. Then he said, "I'm sorry about what happened to you yesterday. If I'd have been there, I would have said something to those assholes. I hate the fact that they're on the team. I know all the guys feel the same way." While I was appreciative of Ray's feelings, I was also embarrassed to have him bring up the episode. My only response was a meek "Thanks."

As it happened, the basketball players seemed to forget about me, but Ray paid more and more attention. His actions struck me as being more than friendly, however. After one practice, he patted me on my bare butt, saying, "Nice practice." Another time, I was sitting on the bench in front of my locker, examining a blister on my foot. A naked Ray came up behind me and gave advice on how to deal with the blister. As he leaned over to look at it, I felt his cock press against my shoulder. A few days later, Ray again greeted me in the shower room by placing his hand on my ass cheek and squeezing it.

I liked having a senior and the team's second-fastest runner as a friend, but Ray's touching also made me nervous. Why was he so friendly? Why was he touching me like that? What if someone saw him touching me? For an insecure and immature boy, it was hard to see the situation objectively. All that Catholic guilt I had developed during eight years in grammar school haunted me. I knew what he was doing and what I was feeling was "wrong", but I also knew that I liked it. I had caught glimpses of Ray in the shower; his cock was nothing special compared to other guys on the team, but he was the sole object of my desire. I masturbated almost every day thinking about his tall, lean body and those long legs.

I knew I liked Ray and I wanted him to like me. I didn't know how much Ray liked me until the bus ride back from our first meet of the season.

The event was a big invitational meet at a school on the other side of the county. The team had done well at the Friday meet and everybody was in a good mood. Ray sat next to me in a seat at the back of the bus. It was fall and the sun was down by the time we left the awards ceremony. The inside of the bus was dark. Ray was kidding me about something and then started tickling me. As I squirmed in my seat, I begged him to stop, but he wouldn't. Finally, I whined, "Stop it, Ray, I'm going to piss my pants." Ray slipped his hand inside my shorts and felt the front of my jockstrap. "I don't feel anything wet," he said, and started tickling me again. "Please, Ray, stop!" This time his hand found its way inside my jock. I froze as he fondled my balls and pulled on my dick. I felt Ray's warm breath as he whispered in my ear. "I don't care what Larry said. I think you dick is really cute. I'll bet it's a lot bigger when it's hard."

I was paralyzed with fear, not because of what Ray was doing, but because I was afraid we'd get caught. He continued to play with me and whisper sexy comments and to my surprise, I found myself getting a hard-on. Within seconds my one-inch pecker had expanded to a thin but rock hard five-inches. Feeling my youthful boner seemed to excite Ray, who ran the tip of his tongue inside my ear. He pulled his hand from my crotch and reached for his gym bag. When he slipped his hand back onto my 14-year-old cock, I realized he had scooped up some Vaseline. He greased my freshman pole with long, slow strokes and then started working on the tip of my cock. This experience was too much, too soon for a

virgin. From start to finish, my first sexual experience with another boy took less than five minutes. It was all I could do to suppress the moans threatening to escape from my throat as I quivered in delight as Ray massaged my sensitive cocktip. Finally, one small spurt of cum was followed by another and then what was left of my spunk dribbled from my engorged penis. Ray wiped his hand on my jock and whispered, "I can't wait until Monday!"

I was in a daze the rest of the evening. I hardly was aware of the bus arriving at the high school, of showering, changing, and boarding the bus again to go home. Ray was sitting with somebody else and I wondered how he could act so normal after what had just happened. I replayed the moment in my mind all weekend and anticipated what might transpire after practice on Monday.

Finally, it was Monday. The schoolday passed agonizingly slow. Disappointment hit me as I failed to find Ray among the teammates assembled to begin practice. I forlornly jogged away to run on my own. I was a few hundred yards into the wooded section of the school course when I heard someone sprinting behind me. I turned to see Ray, his blond mane bouncing lightly as his lithe frame glided toward me. "Hi," was all he said as he settled into a trot beside me. "Hi," I replied, not daring to meet his gaze. We ran a little further into the woods and then Ray said he had to take a piss. I followed him off the trail and into a small clearing hidden by a neighboring trio of very thick trees.

Ray suddenly turned around, grabbed my shoulders and kissed me on the lips. My tenseness eased somewhat as he parted my lips and filled my mouth with his

hot, probing tongue. I next felt his hand on my shorts, kneading my little love package through the flimsy material. He pulled me between his legs as he sat on a fallen tree. Tugging my shorts and my jock halfway down my thighs, Ray freed my growing cock, which was aimed expectantly at his mouth. If I thought I had experienced the greatest sensation in the world when Ray jerked me off in the bus, I was wrong. Feeling Ray's moist mouth on my erect cock brought me a previously unknown ecstasy as he teased it with his tongue while he toyed with my small balls with his fingers. Ray continued to suck the tip as he stroked the short length on my five inches. Again, my inexperienced penis could not delay the cum shot building within the sack beneath it and I strengthened my grip on Ray's shoulders as the creamy liquid escaped from my boyhood in a pair of spurts. Ray stood, kissed me once more, and then walked back to the trail. I stood there stupidly for several minutes before pulling up my shorts.

That night, I labored futilely over my homework as my thoughts kept turning back to my first blowjob. My stiff dick started to soften, however, as I realized that Ray would expect me to reciprocate. My great fear was that I would fail to satisfy him and he would then reject me. I began to fear the coming days, knowing that this demanding test was sure to come.

It came during our next distance day on Thursday. I ran with Ray into the woods. We came to the place where we had stopped three days earlier and I followed Ray as he walked to the clearing. He kissed me again and my cock stirred as he plunged his tongue deep into my willing mouth. "Suck my tongue," he whispered. I complied with his command, drawing my lips back and forth and then rolling my tongue around his. Ray reached for my right hand and placed it against his crotch. I felt the

bulge already formed inside his shorts. Hugging me, he began to whisper into my ear. "Do you like the way it feels?" he asked. "Yes." "Why don't you put your hand inside?" I did and was pleasantly surprised at how big and hard another guy's cock could feel. "Do you like it?" "A lot," I murmured and I began to stroke his length. "Feel my balls. Do you like them?" Everything between his legs felt so much bigger than my own and I began to quiver with the excitement of groping the manhood of the boy whose body I had long desired. "God, Ray, you're so big. I want you so much." I hardly realized I had spoken those words out loud until Ray answered, "Then I'll let you have me."

Ray's hands on my shoulders pushed me to a sitting position on the fallen tree. He stood between my legs and told me to pull his shorts down. His cock gradually greeted me as I slowly tugged his clothing to his knees. As the waistband cleared the cockhead, Ray's fleshy tool sprung up against his belly. The senior's penis was a six-incher of average thickness, but seeing it between his sinewy thighs made the pink mound look like the biggest cock in the world. Not knowing what to do first, I ran my hands along the outside of his flanks, feeling the firm muscles of his ass. My fingers traced a path along the inside of his thighs until they met behind his balls, which I caressed with one hand. Ray terminated my procrastination by rubbing his cockhead against my lips. "Suck me," he whispered. I tentatively clamped the tip of his pulsing rod between my lips and probed his piss slit with my tongue. I started to work his shaft with one hand while the other reached between his legs and flirted with the hair surrounding his anus.

Even though I was a novice at

pleasuring a man, I noticed that Ray would let a little whimper escape every time I pressed his love button. I concentrated on his cockhead, but as my jaws became tired with the effort of sucking my lovely barrier, I devoted one hand to Ray's asshole. Pausing my suckjob just long enough to spit in my hand, I lubed his tight crack and pushed a finger into his moist tunnel. The tactic worked; Ray moaned and thrust his hips against my face in a fucking motion. I kept a quick rhythm on his veiny shaft and furiously nibbled the sensitive skin of his cocktip. Ray's assring was a vise on my finger as he whimpered and rewarded my efforts with a gush of his gooey boy-juice that hit the back of my throat. I struggled to swallow as two more spurts pumped additional loads of hot jizz into my mouth. My hand stroked his penis until I had sucked up the last of his salty-sweet love liquid.

Ray pulled me up and kissed me with a passion he had never before shown. His hand found its way inside my clothes and onto my leaking cock. "Such a pretty little hoy with such a pretty little dick. I'm gonna suck all the cream out of those little balls of your. Would you like that?" Before I could moan my assent, he was on his knees, my hot little cock and rolling balls in his mouth together. This time it was my turn to find out that a finger up my butt could drive me to squealing delight. It was all I could do not to shoot my wad as Ray's finger filled my tight hole. True to his word, this studly senior sucked me until every pearl of my cum had been extracted from my nutsack and my penis began to soften. As Ray kissed me, he squirted some of my cum into my mouth and I could taste it on his tongue as he forced it between my lips.

Ray and I had sex at least once a week for the rest of the season. It isn't true to say that I fell in love with him, but I really

missed our lovemaking sessions during the winter. And I suffered my first broken heart that spring when I went out for track and Ray explained that he wouldn't be taking me into the woods anymore. He said he was afraid of being caught so close to graduation. I accepted this statement, although I briefly suspected that he had found someone else on the team who had a little something extra between his legs. Try as I might, I never saw Ray pay any special attention to anyone else on the team. I had to content myself with glimpses of Ray in the shower and with masturbating to the memories of what we had done in wooded seclusion. Ray was my first lover, but I remember him more as the sweetest and most sensitive hoy I ever knew.



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Next issue!

The next issue of Going Home should be out by June, in time (I hope!)

for the

25th Anniversary
of the Stonewall
Riots!

It should be packed full of subversive homo goodness!

As always,
send queer
stuff to

Stephen Dedalus/
G.H.

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Hope to hear from
you soon, + remember:

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